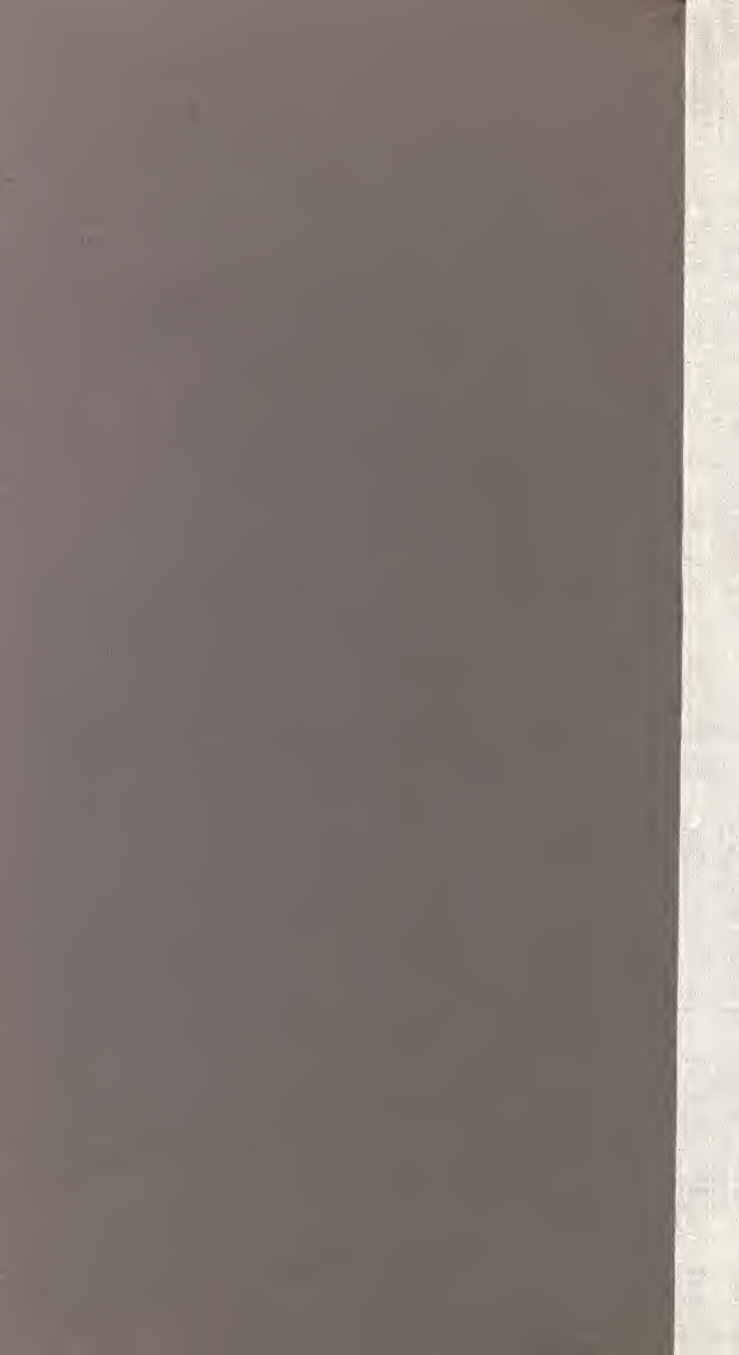


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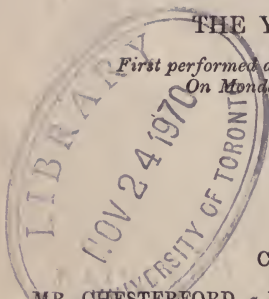
THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,
On Monday, February 28th, 1859.*



CHARACTERS.

MR. CHESTERFORD, <i>a Young Barrister</i>	. Mr. E. VILLIERS.
HARRY OAKHEART, <i>a Cabinet Maker</i>	. Mr. BUCKSTONE.
LITTLE JACK, <i>his Apprentice</i>	. Miss STONEHAM.
FRANK MELROSE, <i>a Pianoforte Maker</i>	. Mr. W. FARREN.
ANGELINA MELROSE, <i>a Music Engraver</i>	. Miss EMILY ALLEN.
EMILY MELROSE, <i>a Governess</i>	. Miss E. TERNAN.
SALLY SCRUB, <i>a Maid of Allwork</i>	. Miss ELIZA WEEKS.

SCENE.—ENGLAND.

TIME—Present.

COSTUMES.

MR. CHESTERFORD.—Fashionable morning suit.
HARRY OAKHEART.—Drab trousers, flannel jacket, white linen cap. *2nd dress.*—Brown paletôt, and fancy waistcoat, black hat.
LITTLE JACK.—Exactly the same as Harry's first dress.
FRANK MELROSE.—Light trousers, fashionable paletôt, fancy waistcoat and cravat, white hat.
EMILY.—Fashionable silk dress, bonnet, &c.
ANGELINA.—White muslin spotted with blue, black silk apron.
SALLY.—Dark print dress, large apron, large cap.

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1859

THE YOUNG MOTHER.



SECNE (*which remains during the piece*).—A Chamber plainly furnished. L. 1 E., a new and elegant rosewood bureau secretary—above it is the picture of a lady in mourning, in a plain gilt frame—L. 2 E., door of an inner chamber—R. 1 E., a work table, on which are several zinc plates for the engraving of music, hammers, chisels, burners, &c.—R. 2 E., a door leading to a chamber—L. 3 E., a window—small door of entrance, C.—left of door, against the flat, a piano with music—R., against flat, a fireplace with looking glass over it. As the curtain rises, a knock is heard at the door, C.—after a short pause, the knock is repeated louder.

SALLY SCRUB opens door, and peeps into room, L. C.—she is the maid of all-work of a lodging house, dressed in a dark cotton dress, with a coarse apron, a plain cap, hair in disorder, face a little dirty—she has a roll of manuscript music in one hand, and a small, but heavy parcel, (music plates,) under her arm.

SALLY. Nobody at 'ome? (*looking round and entering*) Not nobody—leastways, not nobody as *wants* to be, I suppose, for I knows none of the nabitants of this 'ere floor's gone out this morning! Oh, very well, it's no *bisness* of mine, if lodgers likes to be *unvisible*, as long as they pays their rent, it's hoptional. But as *bisness* is *bisness*, and missis will send me about mine if I don't attend to her'n, I must make no bones about *rouding* them I is sent to, and delivering my message, which are, to give these (*shewing letter and plates*) to our second floor—which is Miss Melrose, the music engraver—and tell her that the foreman of the shop, which employs her, says, she must go to work on 'em without delay, d'rectly minit, for it's a perticler order. (*going to door, L. 2 E.*) Poor gal! I'm loath to

disturb her, for she does work so *uncessantly*. I'm sure she can't never get no natteral rest not at no time. She never "takes her time Miss Lucy," and looks out of the winder, or sets by the kitchen fire comfortable, with a sop in the pan, and a song book, as *I* does! No, she's continually a punching away at her music plates all day, and often all night long, like a West Ingee nigger—which, mind you's, a very different bird for work, then a Hethiopian serrumnader, as gets his living by playing on bones, and singing through white chokers. Poor dear! how she do work surely—and so young too! only seventeen, and the mother of a family!—two big boys, and a grown up gal—not her own, of course—but her orphan brothers and sisters; for their mother's dead—and this here little 'un—bless her!—took her place, and is now the missis, and her representertive, almost. Child as she is, she's as steady and as thoughtful as a white headed old grandmother. (*knocks at door, L.*) Miss Angelina! Miss Angelina!

ANGELINA. (*without, L. 2 E.*) Who's there? Wait half a minute—I'll come to you.

SALLY. It's only me, miss—Sally Scrub; with a message from your shop; don't hurry—I can wait, if you're not up.

Enter ANGELINA, from room, L. 2 E.—she is plainly, yet prettily dressed.

ANGELINA. Up, my good girl! I've been at work these three hours!

SALLY. Ah, miss, I could have sworn it. (*ANGELINA goes to bureau, looks at it with admiration, unlocks it with a key which she takes from the pocket of her apron, and takes from it a small feather broom, with which she dusts it carefully, at the same time attending to SALLY's speech*) Them that talks of larks being the early birds that wakes up the sun, knows nuffin of the *unnatteral* history of the poor London gals—who has to jam two days into one, and work themselves into their graves, for hardly more than will find 'em in tea, and bread and butter, and candles they's obleeged to light to see the winding sheets their poor skeleton fingers is a stitching.

ANGELINA. But *my* lot is not so hard yet—I'm not obliged to kill myself with work, and I can, if I please, take a holiday now and then, but—

SALLY. I know, miss—your large little family are a pulling on you—you has, as my sweetheart, Tom Putney, the water-man says—"to feather your scull pretty smartly, and work double tides, to keep their keels afloat, and their bows from being smashed by the starlings of idleness, and the barges of bad company." But how I'se a going on a torking and litering,

when I've my shoes and knives to clean, and to breakfast the first floor and the two parlours ; to say nuffin of hearthstoning the steps and polishing the bells and knocker, and running out for the Penny Telegraph, and a ha'porth of vittles for the cat, afore I goes serus to washing.

ANGELINA. (*laughing*) Mercy on me, Sally, you've work enough cut out for a week !

SALLY. Lawk no, Miss, on the contrary, I considers myself a fortnit gal that I've got it to do ! (*laughing*) I'se like the heels that takes kindly to skinning. I'se used to it and don't mind it. But I forget the bisness I've come about—you're to knock off from the other things you've got in hand, and punch this 'ere new song, (*giving roll of MS. music*) into them there tin thingabobs. (*pointing to plates, which she has placed on table*) afore the foreman goes to his dinner, or there'll be a chimley afire that'll require the hengines to squench.

ANGELINA. Well, well, I'll do my best. (*crosses to R., and places music on table*) Thank you, my good Sally, for leaving your work for me—there's a trifle for your trouble and kindness. (*offering her a shilling, which she takes from a portemonnaie*)

SALLY. (*refusing it*) No, no, miss—I thank you—no. If you was the parlours, or the fust floor, or even the front attic, I should have no objection, and would take it as a matter of business—but when you wants to give me your hard earned savings for liking you and wishing you well—I should consider myself wus than a cannerbul if I touched a farding. (*with feeling*) No, miss, thof it's gennerally thought to be the contrary, there's one or two people left in the world as thinks there's other comforts in it, besides mint sauce—and so, miss, I thanks you all the same. Good bye, and good luck to you !

Exit, L. C.

ANGELINA. (*looking after her with interest*) Kind soul ! how sweet is sympathy in misfortune and poverty—how many sinking hearts it sustains, and how many noble efforts it stimulates ! But to business. (*sitting at the bureau, and taking out an account book*) A good housekeeper should always be correct in her accounts. (*looking over book*) Week's rent, eight and sixpence ; that's always the first item in the list—when I've got that written off the book, (*takes a small book, with a red cover, from bureau, and looks over it*) I'm comfortable. (*ticks the amount off in her account book*) For when one gets behind with one's lodging, everything goes wrong in proportion. (*reading from book*) "Tailor—for Franky's new coat, etcetra, etcetra." Properly receipted?—yes. (*ticks the amounts off in account book*) I can't well afford it, but the poor dear boy's old ones were

getting beyond my ingenuity to patch. (*reading from book*) "Present to my dear sister Emmy." Here's another piece of extravagance—a silver thimble, eighteenpence. (*taking a thimble, wrapped in silver paper, from bureau, then taking off paper—putting it on her finger and admiring it*) It's a real beauty, though—the chasing is so elegant. (*becoming serious, and musing, as she twists the thimble up again in the paper*) Poor little Emmy! she was too good—too high minded to be a burden to me—so I was obliged to part with her, to let her earn her own living as a governess. (*brushing away a tear, and putting thimble back, and leaning on her elbow with her face on her hand*) I'm afraid she's not very happy with that family, in Devonshire—her letters have lately been very short, and I fancy, gloomy. (*rousing herself*) Psha! I'm fidgetting myself with imaginary misfortunes—I'm too anxious—she has been too busy to write gaily about trifles. I shall have a long letter in a day or two. Let me see—where was I? (*looking at book*) Oh—baker! (*taking another book from bureau, and adding it up*) One, two, three—Mercy on me! *seven* quarterns in the week—besides flour, and dough for dumplings! Dear me, dear me—I shall be ruined! But, (*affectionately*) little Jack—bless him, is growing so fast, and he "pegs away" so ravenously. (*gaily*) Never mind—I won't stint him—I can afford him his "hunks," dear child, whenever he likes them. (*puts back book, and ticks off amount in account*) Four shillings and sevenpence, the butcher's bill went into last week—total, one pound within my earnings—of course, deducting Franky's clothes, which came out of my savings. (*rising, and looking affectionately at the portrait over the bureau*) Oh, dear mother! how can I sufficiently thank you for giving me (*pointing to work table*) an occupation by which I can support myself and your other dear ones. (*holding up a sovereign, which she takes from her portemonnaie*) Here is another pretty gold piece to add to my little store—it is increasing every week, dear mother, and some day I hope to be able to fulfil all the sacred duties you have bequeathed to me. (*she touches a spring in the bureau, a secret drawer appears, from which she takes a cash box, which she opens—looking in the box*) Yes—there you are smiling upon me, you cold hearted—too hardly struggled for—too perishable—too much valued—too necessary evils of life—there—(*putting sovereign into box*) there's another brother to welcome. (*counts money*) Eh? dear me—how strange! Fourteen pounds! That can't be right. Whenever I count my savings, I'm sure to make a mistake in the amount—I've always *more* than I thought I had! Last Saturday, I could be certain I had only *twelve pounds ten*, and now, with the sovereign I've just put in, there are *fourteen pounds*!

It's very strange! This time I'll be more particular—I'll write a note of the amount. (*writes on a slip of paper, which she puts into the box*) Fourteen pounds—there can be no mistake with that; the bank notes for the two hundred pounds, (*taking them from box and counting them*) are always right. (*a knock at the door, c.—she hastily puts back the notes into the box, puts it in drawer, touches the spring, and the secret panel is closed*) Who's there?

HARRY OAKHEART (*without, l. c.*) Harry Oakheart, dear Angy—may I come in?

ANGELINA. Oh, yes. (*running to door and opening it*)

HARRY OAKHEART *enters, l. c.—he is a cabinet maker, and is dressed in his working jacket, cap, and apron—ANGELINA shakes hands with him cordially.*

You are always welcome.

HARRY. (*L., joyfully*) Thanks—thanks! (*shaking hands with her again*) And how do you do since last night?—caught no cold in coming home? Well, (*shaking hands with her again*) I'm so glad you're glad to see me!

ANGELINA. (*R.*) My good Harry, you know I look for your coming over every morning as one of my greatest comforts. I should be miserable if you neglected me.

HARRY. (*with ardour*) Oh, thank you—thank you—I've no need of a clock to know the time to get up in the morning—I've only to draw back my curtain, (*taking piece of leather from his pocket, and polishing the brasswork of the bureau*) and look over the way to your room—(*admiring the bureau*) you keep it in beautiful order!—(*ANGELINA crosses to back of bureau and dusts it with feather broom*) and there I see you at the window—how nicely you've arranged all your papers and things—watering your flowers, and tweeting to your bird, and blowing the husks from his seed, and looking so neat and blooming! (*with affection, looking up at her as she bends over the bureau—sighing*) Ah, though your room fronts the west, the sun is so full in my eyes when I look at you, that—that—(*wiping his eyes*) I'm obliged to blink 'em, they're so dazzled by your brightness.

ANGELINA. (*locking bureau, and putting key in her pocket, then playfully putting the broom in his face, and crossing to work table, seating herself before it, and taking up a hammer and a punch, and preparing to work*) Go along, you silly goose! (*laughing*) You'll tell me that I'm the moon presently, and that you've stared at me till you've lost your wits. (*working with hammer and punch*)

HARRY. (*aside, fervently*) I have—I have—but (*mournfully*) I'm afraid she'll never care for me! See how she works! so contented—so cheerful—(*mysteriously*) so unconscious of the

surprise that I've in store for her. (*going to table*) Can I help you, Angy dear? (*taking up a punch and a hammer—gaily*) Though as a joiner, I'm more a *plane* than a *punch* man, I flatter myself (*flourishing hammer*) that I'm a respectable *hammer*ture.

ANGELINA. (*taking the punch and hammer from him*) No, no, you'll only hinder me! (*pretending to strike his fingers with the hammer*) Stick to your cabinet making—(*looking with admiration at the bureau*) there you are at home.

HARRY. Well, I confess it's my best work, but (*tenderly*) it's only veneer to the solid rosewood, (*putting his hand to his heart*) I some day hope to turn out, but just now (*sighing and touching his heart*) that's only *here*, (*aside, mournfully pointing to her heart*) and not *there*. (*looking round the room*) Where's—

ANGELINA. My little brother Jack, your idle apprentice?—he's not awake yet, the sluggard—I'll rouse him.

(*going to room, R.*)

HARRY. (*stopping her*) No, no, let him sleep, poor, lad—it's Frank I want to see.

ANGELINA. (*uneasily*) He's not at home.

HARRY. Gone out so soon?

ANGELINA. (*more uneasy*) He hasn't been home all night.

HARRY. (*thoughtfully*) Indeed!

ANGELINA. (*trying to be cheerful*) But I'm not alarmed about him—no doubt there has been a press of work at the pianoforte factory, and he's such a clever and finished hand, they've kept him employed all night.

HARRY. (*seriously, shaking his head*) I'm afraid he has been out again with that worthless shopmate of his, young Larkspur.

ANGELINA. (*hastily, a little alarmed*) Oh, no, I'm sure you're mistaken—he promised me solemnly never to associate with him again. I talked to him so seriously, I'm certain he felt ashamed of himself for being drawn by him into the Chartist riot, from the consequences of which our good friend, Mr. Chesterford, the barrister, saved him. Ah, when I think of the disgrace and misery the eloquence and energy of that good young man averted, (*fervently*) I feel I almost owe my life to him.

HARRY. (*a little sulky*) Ah, some fellows have the luck of it. All he did was to make a fine bamboozling speech—it's his trade, just as mine is cabinet making—he turned out a workman-like article, that's all.

ANGELINA. (*with energy*) Oh, more, much more than that—if he hadn't had a feeling heart in the cause—if his pity for the poor orphan family had not inspired him with such touching words to depict to the jury the desolation and ruin the dear

boy's conviction would bring upon us, I know, I'm sure, he would have been found guilty, and taken away from me.

HARRY. (*softened*) Well, well, I confess he did handle his tongue cleverly—and—feelingly—yes, I can't deny it, for he made *me* snivel; but, somehow or other, I've always had a notion that it was not the lawyer's fine speech, but *you*, who touched the jury.

ANGELINA. Indeed! how?

HARRY. Why, when you were put into the witness box, and the judge, seeing you were almost dead with grief, said in a kind, fatherly tone—"Take courage, my good girl, and answer with the truth and honesty your face betokens—every one here feels for you." (*wiping his eyes*) I believe they did, above a bit—the blowing of noses was a perfect influenza. "What relation are you to the prisoner?" said the judge, looking at you with pity. "I am his mother, sir," you sobbed, while the tears ran down so fast from your poor red eyes, that they could be seen and heard pattering like rain on the desk before you. "His mother!" said the judge, with a shaky voice, "my poor girl, your grief distracts you—you must mean his sister!" "His sister and his mother too, sir," you said, "for we are orphans. Our father died when we were all very young, and when four years ago—you were but thirteen then—our mother was taken from us, she bequeathed the care of my brothers and sisters to *me*, and I have done my best to replace her—I have not, perhaps, sufficiently done my duty to the poor boy before you, but he is young and thoughtless, and if you'll forgive him, dear, good gentlemen, I'll answer he shall never do wrong again." (*wiping his eyes*) The judge—the lawyers—the usher—the clerks—the turnkeys—the policemen—the court—and I—and everybody blubbered—and when the foreman said "Not Guilty," I hurrayed, and blew my nose, and chucked up my hat, and blubbered again, worse than all of 'em put together.

(ANGELINA, who, during Harry's speech, looks at him with deep interest—at the conclusion, takes his hand in both of hers, shakes it with great emotion, and looks at the portrait of her mother.)

ANGELINA. Good Harry, you love me dearly, I know.

HARRY. Love you! Oh, that word does not half express (*putting his hand to his heart*) what's sawing, and planing, and chiselling round here. Don't we all come from Devonshire, and didn't our parents live next door to each other—didn't your mother, when mine died and I was left an orphan without a friend in the world, adopt me and bring me up with you? (*tenderly*) And for ten years haven't we been brother and sister?

ANGELINA. Yes, yes, dear Harry, and I hope we shall always continue so.

HARRY. *Always, Angy! (sighing)* That's a long time. Don't you think some day we might—

ANGELINA. *(confused)* Yes, yes—perhaps—but—

HARRY. I'm now a master cabinet maker, you know, and, *(pointing with pride to the bureau)* though I say it myself, I don't think any in the trade can say I work badly.

ANGELINA. It's the most beautiful piece of furniture that ever was made. How kind of you to give it me—you know how much I prize it.

HARRY. Ah, yes—but—I wish—*(hesitating)* I wish—

ANGELINA. *(aside)* Poor fellow, what can I say to him? *(timidly casting down her eyes)* What, Harry?

HARRY. *(greatly confused)* That—that—never mind. *(aside)* I haven't pluck enough to speak out. *(aloud to her)* But however, I was thinking, that is, I said to myself—"Harry—" *(when I speak confidentially to myself, I always call myself Harry.)* "Harry," said I, "just look here, old fellow." *(I call myself old fellow when I'm good-tempered with myself, and stupid ass when I'm savage.)* *(tenderly sighing)* "When *one* is *only one*, and there's *another* who is *only one*, of course, you know, while they are *separate* they must be *two*—but *(getting nearer to her)* if they can be brought together, they become *one*—so, you see, that if *I*, that is, if *you*, or rather if *we* should neither of us see any reason why we *shouldn't* be—*(abruptly with great agitation)* don't you think we'd *better* be? *(aside)* It's out at last. *(wiping his face with his handkerchief)* I'm just as if I were in a vapour bath.

ANGELINA. Let me entreat you, dear Harry, not to press me on this point; you know the sacred duties I have pledged myself to perform, and—and—for the present, at least, be contented to be—*(giving him her hand)* my dear brother!

HARRY. *(holding her hand, and looking at her with emotion)* Well, well, you—you know best—I—I—*(with a burst of feeling, taking her hand in both of his and kissing it with fervour)*—yes, yes—you wish it, dear sister. *(almost choking with grief)* I am content.

(goes up to bureau, and leans his head upon it, covering his face with his hands.)

ANGELINA. *(aside, looking at him with pity)* Poor Harry, I could love him, but there is another. Ah! can I hope he will ever love me. *(goes to work table, and works at plates—looking again at him, then rousing herself and trying to be cheerful)* Well, Harry, have you no news to tell me this morning? how does

little Jack get on with his work—do you think he'll ever be clever.

HARRY. (*turning, and endeavouring to throw off his sadness*) Well, he's well enough for a young one—I wish you'd get him up a little earlier, though, and not let him stay so long at his meals—it spoils a boy to coddle him. By-the-bye, now I think of it, I wanted to ask you about your sister—aren't you anxious for letters from her?

ANGELINA. (*leaving the work table*) Yes, I've heard nothing of her for a whole fortnight, and her last letter was so abrupt, and, I think, unhappy.

HARRY. Ah, perhaps she's homesick, or what is more likely, in love.

ANGELINA. (*smiling*) Oh, no, she would have confided *that* to me.

HARRY. I'm not so sure of that—sisters have secrets as well as other people, when that fatal epidemic attacks them; but, do you know, I've an idea you'll have a letter to-day—don't you think she might have made a mistake again in the direction, and have written to you at your old lodging?

ANGELINA. (*joyfully*) Oh, I never thought of that—it's more than probable. (*hastily taking a plain bonnet and shawl from the piano, and putting them on*) Don't you go till I come back, I won't be three seconds. (*joyfully*) Oh, dear Emily, if you *have* written to me, how glad I shall be.

Exit, L. C.

HARRY. (*rubbing his hands in great delight at the success of his ruse to get her away*) Bravo! I've got her away—my tongue was almost getting the better of me—I was dying to say your sister Emily has left Devonshire, and is here in London, in my shop, just arrived by the night train. What a surprise! But while her absence gives me the opportunity, let me make my usual addition to her little bank.

(*going on tiptoe to bureau, and is about to touch the spring of the secret drawer, when JACK calls from within, R.*)

JACK. Harry! are you there?

HARRY. (*starting away from bureau*) Oh, little Jack! (*loudly*) Yes, sir—aren't you up yet, you idle little rascal?

JACK. (*within*) Oh, I was so sleepy—is sister at home?

HARRY. No, she's just stepped out for a minute or two—I must get rid of him while I—(*looking at bureau—loudly*) Make haste and pitch on your clothes and run over to the shop, there's somebody in the parlour you'll be glad to see.

JACK enters from room, R., putting on his jacket and apron—he is a boy about twelve years old, dressed in corduroy or fustian trousers, a little too large for him, a carpenter's flannel jacket, a light waistcoat, which is unbuttoned, a checked shirt, coloured neckcloth, and a linen cap, a miniature of HARRY, whom he imitates.

JACK. All right, governor, lively as a sky rocket.

HARRY. (*playfully hitting him on the head, and pinching his ear*) Slugging again, you idle little vagabond! (*pushing him towards C.*) be off with you—you'll find your breakfast on the bench.

JACK. Thank you, governor, I'll be earlier to-morrow, I was so precious sleepy. (*dancing gaily, and imitating the Ethiopian Serenader's attitude and sigh*) Hoop de doodem do. *Exit, L. C.*

HARRY. He's safe! now for the money box (*going to bureau*) It was a good idea of mine in making this bureau that I contrived another secret spring, which gives me admittance to her bank. (*touches a spring in the side of the bureau next the AUDIENCE, part of the panel flies back, and discovers the secret drawer, with the cash box*) Ah, dear girl, little does she imagine I know, that for the last four years she has toiled from early morning to late night to scrape together a little sum to pay her father's debts, and secure her brothers and sisters from want should she be taken from them. I as her brother by adoption, have felt it my duty to assist in the good work, and every week, thanks to my happy contrivance here, have been able to add my mite. (*takes box from drawer*) As this is a day to be remembered, I'll double my usual contribution.

He puts a sovereign into box—at this moment, FRANK appears at the door, L. C.—he is fashionably dressed in a smart short coat, fancy waistcoat and trousers, a white hat, coloured silk cravat, with a slight beard and moustache—his appearance and manner should indicate a rakish, devil-me-care youth, who has been out all night on the spree.

FRANK. (*stopping on seeing HARRY at the money box—aside*) Eh? hollo! smuggins!

HARRY. (*not seeing him—laughing*) Dear girl, how I deceive her—she no doubt has often thought she has miscounted her treasure! (*laughing*) How much has she now? (*looking over notes*) Two hundred pounds, in notes, and (*counting sovereigns*) fourteen sovereigns.

FRANK. (*loudly*) Hollo! hollo! hollo!

HARRY. Ah! (*starting, and touching the spring, the panel closes*) Is that you, Frank?

FRANK. (*advancing, gaily*) Well, as nearly as I can guess, it is, but I'm not quite certain, for you see—(*laughing, and putting his hand to his forehead, and describing, in action, that his head is whirling round*) somehow or other, what with bitter beer, sherry cobblers, brandy punch, Irish stew, polking, and waltzing—(*making action of throwing dice*) having a row and and a fight, (*turning round and showing his coat split up the back, then feeling in one of the skirt pockets, and taking from it a street door knocker and striking it*) a crusade against door knockers, a lodging in the station-house, and all sorts of jolly things, I'm not quite certain of my identity. (*singing gaily from the "Rose of Castile"*) "I'm not the Queen—ha, ha!" &c., &c.
(*goes up to work table.*)

HARRY. (*aside*) Alf's safe—he didn't see me.

FRANK. (*advancing to HARRY, and slapping him on the back*) Well, and how are you this bright morning, my young Tommy Goodchild? you've never been in the station-house, or seen the river in the small hours of the morning with the Abbey, and the bridges, and the Parliament Houses, looking pale and *candle-lighty*, like Venice. You never pay your shilling to the gallery of the opera, to have your ears enchanted with the sweet melodies of Auber, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Halévy, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, and the other Italian Macaronis—or drink long draughts of *native* nectar from Balfe, Wallace, and Barnett—you don't "go in a twister" for Jullien, Strauss, and the Deux Temps. No, you're a quiet, steady, tame bird, that never cares to leave its cage. (*singing from the Opera of "Martha"*) "The last rose of summer," &c., &c. (*suddenly recollecting*) Aha! by-the-bye, what were you about just now with Angy's money-box? (*knowingly*) Were you borrowing a spangle or two?

HARRY. (*indignantly*) Frank, I should be very sorry to quarrel with you—but, if I thought you could for an instant believe I could commit such a dastardly crime—I'd—

FRANK. Come, come, don't be angry. (*affectionately taking his hand*) Dear brother—I meant no offence. Seeing you handling the *goldfinches* on the *sly*, it was only natural to think you were trying to put a little salt on the tails of some of them. (*singing*) "Come into the garden, Maud."

HARRY. You should know me better, Frank—I was adding to, not taking from, our dear sister's little store. Pray do not betray my secret—I wish her to remain in ignorance that I have assisted her.

FRANK. Don't be alarmed, it's quite safe with me. (*with*

honest, manly fervour) Sooner than divulge it or (*pointing to bureau*) make a bad use of what I've seen, I'd cut my right arm off. (*shaking hands with HARRY, then singing gaily from the "Bohemian Girl."*)

"My name is noble, unstained my crest,
As is thine own—(*turning out his empty pockets*) Let th
attest!"

HARRY. (*smiling, then shaking his head reprovingly*) What bankrupt again!

FRANK. (*gaily*) Teetotally cleaned out.

HARRY. But you'll have your week's wages to-night.

FRANK. (*laughing*) My week's wages! you're a good accountant.—Now, how many days are there from Wednesday to Saturday—inclusive, mind—for, of course, like all other fast boys, I as usual took my Monday and Tuesday to myself.

HARRY. Four.

FRANK. Very well. Now deduct Wednesday—Thursday—Friday, and Saturday, absent without leave in consequence of the fine weather and Hampton Races—how much have I to receive? (*singing*) "Nix my dolly pals, fake away." (*goes up dancing*)

HARRY. (*aside, with sorrow*) Idling all the week. Silly boy, he'll lose his place soon. (*aloud*) Oh, Frank, Frank! I'm ashamed of you. As the eldest of the family you ought to be more prudent—look at the example you are setting little Jack. (*with great seriousness*) You've been out again with your worthless friend, young Larkspur.

FRANK. (*angrily*) what business is that of yours? attend to your veneering, and French polishing. I'm my own master, and will associate with whom I please.

HARRY. But your poor sister, what will you say to her?

FRANK. (*petulantly*) I don't know—she'll be very angry, and scold me—but—she'll forgive me. (*the good part of his character gradually overcomes the bad, and his voice is almost choked with emotion as he proceeds*) As she has done before—too many times. (*fiercely to HARRY*) But don't you take me to task, Harry—I can't—I won't bear it. (*lowering his voice, and speaking with remorse*) I know I'm a worthless, idle vagabond, and (*violently*) I hate myself, but—I can't bear to be lectured and controlled—I—I—shall tell Angy that I know I've done wrong—that I'm ashamed of myself—and—and—(*with determination*) I'll work hard and over hours to make up for my bad conduct—but—but—(*in deep emotion, shaking HARRY's hand*) don't you despise me, and speak to me unkindly.

HARRY. (*with kindness*) Well, well, say no more about it; but how will you manage for want of your week's money?

FRANK. (*with a little hesitation*) Why, I have a friend who will assist me—our kind lawyer, Mr. Chesterford.

HARRY. (*astonished, and vexed*) Why, surely you have not asked a loan from him?

FRANK. (*evasively*) Oh, no—but he has promised to get a bill—another friend has lent me, discounted for me.

HARRY. Oh, Frank, I'm sorry you have in any way applied to him—I'm sure your sister will be greatly grieved.

FRANK. Pooh! she'll know nothing about it—it's only a trifle for my present necessities. I shall be in ample funds to take it up long before it's due. Mr. Chesterford's coming here, presently, to bring me the money, so (*singing from "Masaniello"*) "Look out, the morning's brightly beaming." (*going up*)

HARRY. (*moodily—greatly annoyed—aside*) Of all the people in the world, to put himself under an obligation to that lawyer, a smooth-tongued, undermining fellow, who no doubt will make it an excuse to—

JACK. (*without, L. C.*) Come along, come along—it's on the second floor—take three steps at once.

Enters hastily, c., in great joy.

Oh, governor! what a surprise! (*jumping and clapping his hands*) Sister Emmy—Sister Emmy! she wouldn't stay any longer in your parlour—she would come here—and here she is.

Enter EMILY, L. C.—she wears a handsome silk dress, a shawl, and a fashionable light bonnet.

FRANK. (*running to her and kissing her*) Emmy—dear, dear Emmy. Oh, this is, indeed, a bit of good fortune. But I say, how is it you are here? tired of being a governess? sick of hard work, eh?

EMILY. (*embarrassed*) No—I was very comfortable, but—but—I wished to see you all again—and—and—

HARRY. (*advancing, L.*) Have a little holiday with (*taking her hand kindly, pressing it, and speaking pointedly*) your friends.

EMILY. (*returning the pressure, and looking thankfully at him—aside*) Thank you, dear Harry. (*aloud*) Yes, yes, I wanted to see if you were all happy, and—

HARRY. Prospering—thank you. (*speaking quickly, and trying to appear gay.*) we're all doing tolerably well—Angelina has her hands full at the engraving—little Jack is growing a good workman—Frank is—going—to—to—turn over a new leaf—and—I—I—(*aside*)—am going out of my senses.

JACK. (*who has gone up, and is listening at c.—clapping his hands and jumping*) Here's Angy—here's Angy! Emmy!

FRANK. Let's give her a surprise.

(*pushes EMILY into L. room—goes himself into R. room—JACK hides under the work table, and HARRY stands near the bureau.*)

ANGELINA enters L. C.—*throws her shawl and bonnet on the piano, and advances, a little out of temper.*

ANGELINA. There's no letter, Harry—it's very unkind of her—she ought not to forget those who are so anxious about her.

(*takes chair, which is near bureau, sits in centre of stage, holding down her head, weeping—HARRY looks at her with affection, then at EMILY, who peeps from room, and intimating how happy she will be presently.*)

HARRY. No, no; but don't despair, something pleasant may turn up yet.

FRANK advances on tip toe from room, R.—beckons EMILY to advance and put her hand over ANGELINA'S eyes—she advances on tiptoe and does as he directs.

ANGELINA. (*starting*) Ah! who's that?

FRANK. (*with a falsetto voice*) Roast beef!

ANGELINA. It's Jack!

JACK. (*putting his head out from under the table*) No, it isn't.

ANGELINA. Frank!

FRANK. No.

ANGELINA. Harry!

HARRY. No.

ANGELINA. Ah—it's—it's—(*feeling EMILY'S fingers, and pulling them down*) Emily! oh, this is happiness. (*kissing her affectionately—joyfully*) I began the day with such melancholy thoughts—I fancied you were ill, that you had grown a great lady, and had forgotten me—and I should never see you again—but—(*looking at her with affection, and kissing her again*) I frightened myself without cause!—you are well, you love me still—the stray lamb has returned to the fold—you are here—here,—dear Emmy—with me, and your dear brothers! (*pointing to FRANK, JACK, and HARRY*) Oh! (*in great joy*) this is a happy day!—all the family is united.

(*stands in the centre, putting her arms round FRANK and EMILY—HARRY puts his arm round FRANK'S neck, and JACK jumps on a stool and throws his arms round EMILY*)

FRANK. (*gaily*) Domestic tableau, situation and music from "Norma." (*he crosses to EMILY, takes her right hand, and ANGELINA'S left—ANGELINA gives her other hand to HARRY—and EMILY hers to JACK—FRANK sings a snatch from the duet of*

"Norma and Adalgisa") "Here we will wander hand in hand," &c.

(ALL are happy, and move their arms backwards and forwards as in "Norma"—JACK, who is in high glee, sings the chorus, throws up his arms, and dances extravagantly)

ANGELINA. (gaily, crossing to HARRY, and holding up her finger to him threateningly) And you pretended to know nothing, and sent me out to seek for letters! If I were not so happy, I should be very angry, and scold you severely, sir—but as you look very frightened and penitent—(giving him her hand) I forgive you. (returning to EMILY) But come, dearest, (putting her arm round her affectionately) to my room—our room now—for you've come to stay with us for good, I hope.

EMILY. Yes, yes, dear sister, I have quitted everything to return to you.

ANGELINA. (taking her towards L. room) I should have known you at once when you blindfolded me, but (taking up her hand, and looking at a ring which is upon it) for this ring—it is a stranger.

EMILY. (confused) Yes—yes—it is a present from—a friend—
—who—who—

ANGELINA. (gaily laughing, and patting her cheek) Loves you—you sly little puss! (EMILY starts) Ah, you see, I've found you out! but never mind now—(gaily) I'm an indulgent mother, and will let you have your breakfast before I scold you.

Takes her off into L. room.

FRANK. (shaking his head, and looking after them—then advancing to HARRY) I say, Harry, I don't half like the way Emily speaks! don't you think she looks very pale and miserable?

HARRY. Well, she's fatigued with her journey, and—(seeing JACK, who is listening eagerly—crossing to him and shaking him) Be off to your work, sir—little boys shouldn't be inquisitive.

JACK. (sulkily) Well, I only—

HARRY. No answer to your master, sir, or—(threatening him)

JACK. Well, I'm going! (going up swaggering leisurely, with his hands in his pockets—when at the door, he turns, and speaks impudently) Am I to plane the mahogany for the bookcase—or the rosewood for the drawers?

HARRY. (impatiently) Oh, do what you like, so that you go!

JACK. (aside, laughing) "Do what I like!"—that suits my complaint exactly—I'll have a chivey out with my tip cat!

Runs off, L. C.

FRANK. Now, what do you think about Emily?

HARRY. Why, I'm afraid—hush!—here's Angelina. (*they retire up, R.*)

Enter ANGELINA, from room, L.—looking back thoughtfully.

ANGELINA. It is evident, from Emily's embarrassment, and unwillingness to speak about the ring, that there is something connected with it that distresses her. Perhaps, as she went to Harry's first, she may have made *him* her confidante. (*beckoning HARRY to come to her*) Harry! (*HARRY advances to her, centre*)

FRANK. (*aside*) She's forgot to lecture me! I'll pop on my other coat, and while she's occupied with Harry, I'll slip over to the fellows at the billiard room.

(*he is going off to room, R., on tiptoe, when ANGELINA turns, and stops him*)

ANGELINA. Stay, Frank, I want a word with you about last night—don't go out until I've spoken to you.

(*speaks to HARRY aside, and asks him about EMILY—he is unwilling to answer—she anxiously presses him*)

FRANK. All right—I'm only going to tidy myself up a bit—I'll be back directly. (*aside*) Then look out for a nor'-wester!

Exit into room, R.

ANGELINA. (*anxiously*) It's of no use trying to evade my questions, Harry, you *know* what is distressing Emily.

HARRY. (*confused*) Why—

ANGELINA. Nay, nay—do not, I entreat you, if you know her secret, conceal it from me.

HARRY. Well, then, it is as I suspected; she has formed an attachment yonder, and her lover, after giving her that ring you saw on her finger, as a pledge of his engagement to her, left her three months ago to come up to London, and though his first letters breathed nothing but love and tenderness, they gradually cooled, until he ceased to write at all. She is heart broken at his desertion, and has come here to seek for him.

ANGELINA. My poor sister!—and who is he who has behaved so cruelly?

HARRY. That she will not tell me—all I can get from her is, that he is a man of good family and means, and is established in London.

ANGELINA. (*affectionately*) She will tell all to me. (*knock at C. D.*) Come in.

Enter MR. CHESTERFORD, L. C.—he is a young man, fashionably dressed, without moustachios.

ANGELINA. (*L. C.—confused*) Mr. Chesterford!

HARRY. (*L. corner—aside, angrily*) The palavering lawyer!

CHESTER. (*advancing, r.*) Pardon my intrusion, Miss Melrose, but I have a little business with your brother.

HARRY. (*aside, angrily*) I said so—a paltry excuse!

CHESTER. I'm afraid (*looking at HARRY*) you are engaged. (*bowing, and going up*) I'll return.

ANGELINA. No, no—remain, I beg—Frank will be here immediately—Harry, (*smiling gaily*) is nobody.

HARRY. (*aside, mournfully*) You're quite right—he *feels* it.

CHESTER. I have here some tickets for an exhibition; I have heard you say you take delight in a flower show at the Crystal Palace. Might I venture to offer them to you?

ANGELINA. (*joyfully*) You are very kind—I'll thankfully accept them, as they will not only afford me a personal gratification, but enable me to give a great treat to an unexpected visitor from the country.

CHESTER. (*bowing*) I am delighted to be in any way the means of affording gratification to Miss Melrose, or her friends. (*bowing and smiling with great insinuation—Angelina listens to the compliment he pays her with modesty and confusion, conveying that she loves him, and is happy in being the object of his attention*)

HARRY. (*aside, eagerly*) Ay! that's right, bow and smirk and wheedle, and pay her fine compliments; you know how to make the most of an opportunity—the tickets are only the beginning of the game—you'll propose *yourself* presently to be her companion.

CHESTER. Might I be permitted to see the friend in whom you appear to take such interest? and, perhaps, if you have no better cavalier, I might be allowed to offer you my escort.

HARRY. (*aside, furiously clenching his fist*) There, there! I knew he'd bring himself in—if she accepts him (*violently*) I'll—

ANGELINA. (*hesitating*) It would certainly give me great pleasure to avail myself of your kindness, but—

CHESTER. I understand, and appreciate your hesitation, you—

HARRY. (*doggedly advancing a step*) Exactly! she don't think it proper for a single young woman to accept the protection of a stranger—therefore she's much obliged to you, and begs to decline.

CHESTER. (*bowing to him with cool politeness*) Pardon me, sir, I addressed Miss Melrose, and wait for *her* reply. I do not see that *you* are in any way included in the question.

HARRY. (*angrily*) I am her adopted brother, and as such have a right to—

ANGELINA. My dear Harry, do not in your zeal for my welfare be betrayed into rudeness to one who has proved himself

our family's most steadfast friend—Mr. Chesterford cannot be looked upon by *any* of us as a stranger, and as I am sure his offer is dictated by the purest motives, I will at once waive all common forms, and accept his kindness.

CHESTER. Oh! Miss Melrose, your good opinion enhances the honour you confer upon me. (*talks to her, aside*)

HARRY. (*aside, endeavouring to be calm*) I can't stand this—if I stay here and see him making love to her, and (*piteously seeing ANGELINA smiling*) see her pleased at it, I shall burst out and punch his head—I know I shall—so—so—I'll be off—good bye, Angy! (*goes up to exit c.*)

ANGELINA. (*stopping him*) Stay, stay, don't go, Harry! you'll be one of the party?

HARRY. No thank you (*pointedly*) I cannot afford to be idle, so while you are making yourself happy with (*bitterly looking at CHESTERFORD, who has gone up to work table, and is examining the music plates*) your new friend, I'll polish a table, or plane a chest of drawers, or thrash little Jack, or go out and get drunk, and get thrashed myself, or—(*looking savagely at CHESTERFORD—violently, aside*) I'd give five pounds to have a slap at him, but it would vex *her*, so, so, I'll chisel off my knots, and plane down my rough edges, and behave like a gentleman. (*going up close to CHESTERFORD, and shouting abruptly*) Good morning! (*going L. c.—aside*) Oh! won't I take it out of the mahogany.

Rushes off furiously, L. c.

ANGELINA. (*looking after him with affection*) Poor Harry! from my heart I pity him! but (*sighing*) when I compare him with—(*looking tenderly aside to CHESTERFORD*) can I love him? (*looks at the portrait of her mother, and appears to be asking its advice*)

FRANK appears at door, R., and advances on tip-toe to
MR. CHESTERFORD.

CHESTER. Ah, Frank! (*shaking hands with him*)

FRANK. (*putting his finger to his lip, and pointing to ANGELINA*) Hush! I don't want her to hear—did you get it done for me?

CHESTER. I regret I was unable—your friend is a scoundrel, (*giving him a bill*) the signature is a forgery!

FRANK. (*in great confusion*) What? (*aside*) Oh, Larkspur! that you should be so base. (*trying to be calm*) I'm sorry, very sorry; I'm sure I thought it genuine. I'll instantly seek my friend, and—and (*aside, despairingly*) without this money I am ruined! (*shaking hands with CHESTERFORD*) Thank you, thank you! I'm very sorry you had so much trouble; I'll have it set right. Don't say a word to sister. (*going to C. D.—in great excitement*) I must have some money, come what will! *Exit L. c.*

CHESTER. (*watching FRANK off, then advancing R., aside.*) The long sought for opportunity has arrived; I must not lose it. (*advancing to ANGELINA, and speaking in a soft tone*) Miss Melrose!

ANGELINA. (*slightly starting, and turning*) Mr. Chesterford!

CHESTER. (*with passionate earnestness*) I will not waste the few happy moments my good fortune has afforded me in leaving me alone with you, in depicting the progress of an affection which I feel you have seen, and pardon my boldness, have not been displeased at; but from the first instant I saw you in the court, at your brother's trial, my heart owned you as its mistress—to say that I endeavoured to combat my affection by worldly prudence would be to confess myself unworthy of you. No, Miss Melrose! I have hailed my love for you as the dearest blessing, and proudest honour of my life.

ANGELINA. (*in great confusion and joy, aside*) He loves me. Oh, what shall I say!

EMILY, *who has taken off her shawl and bonnet, appears at the door of room, L., and is about to enter, but seeing CHESTERFORD, stops.*

CHESTER. Oh, say that you are not insensible to my passion—that you will not refuse the hand of him whose life is bound to yours!

EMILY, *who on entering has not seen MR. CHESTERFORD's face, starts at hearing his voice, looks at him with dismay, and exhibits during his speech intense suffering.*

EMILY. (*aside*) Oh, heaven support me—I shall die! (*catches at door, nearly fainting*)

ANGELINA. (*in great confusion*) This declaration is so sudden, so unexpected, I—I—

CHESTER. The peculiar circumstances of our acquaintance—the fervour of my attachment—your bereavement, are motives sufficient to excuse our not conforming to the cold proprieties of the world—my heart is yours—in one word, will you accept it? (*EMILY throws up her arms in agony*)

ANGELINA. Mr. Chesterford, I am a poor, friendless orphan, with many serious ties, many sacred obligations to others less capable of struggling with the world than myself; I have ever been candid with every one—I will not depart from my character now. I believe you speak the truth, and (*with modesty.*) I own you are not indifferent to me, but your offer requires reflection—give me a little time to—to—

CHESTER. (*taking her hand, and pressing it with rapture*) No, no! Why should you need it? Your heart is the *only friend*

you can consult, and *that* has given its verdict for me. Oh, let me be blessed at once with your reply! It is my life—(EMILY utters a suppressed scream of agony, staggers back into room, from which a heavy fall is heard—ANGELINA and CHESTERFORD start, and turn to room)

ANGELINA. Ah! What is that? (*aside*) Emily!

Runs into room.

CHESTER. What can this mean? has some one been listening—strange fatality! on what trifles depend our destinies! three months ago, I swore eternal affection to a beautiful, confiding angel, on whom the happiness of my life was centered, to part from whom, even for a day, gave me the most poignant sorrow—yet, in one moment, ay one moment, my love passed away, and my heart was devoted to another; in vain have I reflected on the misery my falsehood has brought on the innocent creature I have so cruelly deserted; in vain have I tried to rouse myself to a sense of honour and duty, and fly from the Circe who has enslaved me—my passion blinds my reason, and at the sacrifice of everything which should be dear and sacred, I am here to perpetuate my unworthiness—

Enter ANGELINA from L., she is deadly pale, but calm and self-possessed.

Ah! my sweet angel, you have returned to give your answer.

ANGELINA. (*sternly*) I have. (*giving him ring*) it is *there*!

CHESTER. (*starting, horror-struck—Tableau*) My ring—Emily!

ANGELINA. (*firmly*) Is my sister! (*pointing to the door*) Do not further insult us.

CHESTER. Oh, Angelina, if you would but hear me—

ANGELINA. No, sir, falsehood like yours can never be atoned. Go, sir! I will not disgrace myself and my poor sister by listening to you. Go sir, go.

CHESTER. (*bowing with contrition*) I obey; but you are wrong when you say my falsehood cannot be atoned—it can, and *shall*. (*bows*)

Exit C.

ANGELINA *sinks into the chair near the bureau, in an agony of grief—EMILY enters from room, and kneels beside her, clasping her in her arms—Tableau.*

EMILY. Angelina, (*kissing her*) dear sister! Oh, do not give way thus—exert your strength of mind; be comforted.

ANGELINA. Comforted! (*weeping*) Oh, would that were possible! (*in an agony of despair—rising*) And this is the reward for all my labour, all my privations, all my devotion to my duty. (*frantically*) Oh, why have I lived to know this

misery—why have I a heart, why have I affections? (*in a paroxysm of grief*) What have I done to merit this punishment? (*looking at her mother's picture and falling on her knees*) No, no, I am an ungrateful, wicked wretch! *you* have taught me by your life of suffering, that I ought never to repine—that naught should turn me from the right course—forgive me, forgive me, I will forget my sorrows, and still be your worthy daughter, the mother, (*putting her arm round EMILY*) of the dear ones you have left me to cherish and protect.

EMILY. (*embracing her*) Dear, dear sister!

ANGELINA. Come, come to our chamber, poor child. (*advancing towards room, L.*) Pressed to your sister's heart, you shall relate the story of your wrongs, and we will devise the means to gain you justice.

EMILY. (*mournfully shaking her head*) Alas!

ANGELINA. Nay, nay! (*smiling, and trying to console her*) Despair not—the kind providence which has saved me, will not desert you. (*leads EMILY into room L.*)

Enter FRANK, R. C.—he is greatly agitated—his tone and manner convey recklessness and desperation.

FRANK. Not a shilling—not a shilling can I raise anywhere. Curse on my idleness and extravagance! I've tired out all my friends—not one of them will look at me!—and that scoundrel to give me a forged bill!—and I asked Mr. Chesterford to cash it for me—the man to whom I am so much indebted. Oh, what must he think?—of course, that I am a party to the fraud—that *I* too am a scoundrel! Oh, what shall I do? every one is pressing me for money—every instant I fear to be arrested—all my companions shun me till I pay my debts of honour, and not one farthing in my purse—and worse than all—I am dismissed from my employment. (*sits near bureau*) No money, no work, no friends! Oh, I am, indeed, lost! (*putting his head on the bureau with his face covered with his hands, in an agony of grief—after a short pause, he slowly raises his head and looks at the side of the bureau on which he saw HARRY touch the secret spring—his face conveys the thoughts of robbing, mingled with desperation and irresolution*) No, no—I cannot do that! (*he puts his elbows on the bureau, and covers his face with his hands—after a moment or two, he raises his head, looks furtively round the room, and feels round the panel of bureau with his right hand for the spring—at last he finds it—in an agitated whisper*) It is here. (*he trembles, rises, and looks round again*) Shall I? (*advancing a step towards bureau—stopping, and putting his hand on his heart*) Can I rob her who has done so much for me? (*with deep emotion*) take from her the savings

of her hard labour? (*with a burst of good feeling*) No, no—fallen as I am, I am not such a heartless coward! (*with energy*) I'll fly from the temptation, and work, work, work! Yes, yes—(*showing his hands*) here—here I have the means to pay my debts—to retrieve my character—to make me feel myself a man! (*laughing*) No more despondency—no more recklessness—no more idleness—no more trusting to others—(*looking at bureau*) no more dastardly thoughts!—I'll hold up my head, an honest, industrious workman—the pride, and not the disgrace of my family!

Going up to exit, C., meets HARRY, dressed in his Sunday clothes.

HARRY. Well met, Frank! (*shaking hands with him—with forced gaiety*) I've glorious news for you—for Angelina—for Emily—for little Jack—for everybody (*aside, sorrowfully*) but myself. (*speaking rapidly, with pretended happiness*) In the first place—would you like to go to Australia, and be the foreman of a pianoforte factory, a great capitalist is going to establish there? with a salary—oh, something fabulous! and two hundred pounds advance for your outfit—isn't that golconda? Will you have it—will you have it?

FRANK. (*surprised and agitated*) Eh—eh? why—why—

HENRY. No hesitation—you must say yes or no at once—thousands are ready to snap it up if you refuse. (*anxiously—with great rapidity*) Will you have it? will you have it?

FRANK. Yes, yes, with joy! with joy! (*fervently*) It will take me from—

HARRY. I know, I know! bad example and worthless companions. You want a pound or two, I believe, for present necessities—give me that bill, I'll discount it.

FRANK. (*starting*) You, Harry, why its—

HARRY. I know, I know, give it me! I'll discount it all the same.

FRANK. (*taking bill from his pocket*) But, Harry, the bill is—

HARRY, (*snatching bill from him, tearing it in pieces, throwing them on the floor, and stamping on them*) Cancelled, dear Frank! (*pointedly, with great feeling, squeezing his hand*) and you are safe—but you'd like to have the money, of course! (*taking out a pocket book*) Twenty pounds, I think? (*taking out notes and giving them to him*) There, I've plenty more, you see, (*flourishes a bundle of notes*) if you should run short. (*returns book to his pocket, and calling at L. D.*) Angy! Emmy! come here, come here! I've news for you, glorious news! (*goes up to FRANK, dancing*)

Enter ANGELINA and EMILY, from L. room.

ANGELINA. Harry! Frank! so gay, so happy! What has happened?

HARRY. (*crossing to c., taking a hand of each, and still speaking in the same rapid, nervous manner*) What would both of you like best in the world to happen? eh, eh, eh!

ANGELINA. } (*starting, astonished, and uneasy*) Harry!

EMILY. }

HARRY. No hesitation, no hesitation! tell me, tell me, tell me! (*seeing them hold down their heads in confusion*) You're afraid! never mind, never mind! I'm the Wizard of the North, I'll tell you! (*gives a letter to EMILY, and a paper to ANGELINA*) There, there, you see! I've guessed, I've guessed!

EMILY. (*who has hastily opened and read letter, with great joy*) Ah! he is true, he is true! he will keep his promise.

ANGELINA. (*who has read paper, in great agitation*) A receipt from the Court of Insolvency, for the payment of my father's debts! (*in a transport of joy*) Oh, Harry! how did you?

HARRY. No matter! by (*with feeling*) natural magic! (*shaking both their hands*) Dear sisters, you are happy! (*aside, to EMILY*) He's waiting in the street, with little Jack; if you forgive him, go down and bring him up.

EMILY runs off joyfully, c.
(*to ANGELINA, pointedly*) Now you'll have no occasion to work so hard, and pinch yourself to make up the sum to free your father's name from reproach.

ANGELINA. (*astonished*) How do you know that I—

HARRY. (*mysteriously, still continuing his assumed gaiety*) Ah, hah! those who hide can find—those who make bureaus can make secret drawers, and (*rubbing his hands and chuckling*) secret ways of opening them!

ANGELINA. Ah! (*taking her key from her pocket*) Another key?

HARRY. No, no, a baffler even to Mr. Hobbs! (*flourishing his hands over bureau, then touching the spring*) Open, sesame! the panel flies back and shows the cash box—ANGELINA starts, astonished, crosses, and takes out box

ANGELINA. Ah! (*looking in the box*) You have opened this box before?

HARRY. Often and often—every week, from the day I gave it you.

ANGELINA. Dear Harry! (*looking at him with affection*) I see—you—

HARRY. Yes, yes, your brother had a right to help you in

your good work. Now he has helped (*taking FRANK's hand*) his *other* brother—Frank is going to Australia.

ANGELINA. (*starting*) Australia!

FRANK. Yes, dear sister, Harry has got me a lucrative employment, and I shall start immediately. (*shaking hands with HARRY*) Glad enough to have the chance of showing him that I will deserve his generous friendship.

ANGELINA. (*sorrowfully*) But when you and Emily are gone, I shall have nobody but little Jack.

Enter JACK, EMILY, and CHESTERFORD, L. C.

JACK. No you won't, Angy, for I'm going too; Harry takes me with him to Australia.

FRANK. (*starting astonished*) Harry!

ANGELINA. (*in great sorrow, putting her hand on his shoulder, and looking at him with affection*) What, are you going to desert me, too?

HARRY. (*overcome, and unable any longer to sustain his assumed gaiety, turns away his head and weeps*) I—I—have nothing to keep me here—I—I—(*looking at her with affection*) love my brothers and sisters—they were in danger and difficulty—I had the means of helping them, and—I—

ANGELINA. Sacrificed yourself for them! oh, generous—good friend.

HARRY. No—*brother!* that's my title. I left you just now in rage and sorrow—I was heart-broken, reckless of what I did, or what became of me—I sat down in my shop, a maddened, desperate man. I thought of suicide, or worse—*drink!* but reason returned, and my better nature gave me good advice, which I acted upon—I knew a man who wanted to buy my business—I went to him and offered it on condition of the sum agreed on for the goodwill to be paid down. I got it—then I went to Frank's master, who at my intercession forgave him, and offered him—as he *can* work, if he *will*, and (*shaking hands with FRANK*) he *will*—the management of his establishment in Australia. I accepted it for him, and he's to have two hundred pounds advanced him on my security for his outfit. I had then but you and Emily, and little Jack to think of—Jack I soon polished off. I take him with me (*slapping him on the back*) as my foreman.

JACK. (*putting his hands into his pockets and strutting*) Yes—and he *rather* thinks he's the original Stilton.

HARRY. Emily was the next I thought of. (*takes her hand*) She confided her secret to me when she arrived—I hastened to Mr. Chesterford—he (*shaking his hand*) behaved like a true gentleman, and took me to his father, who knows us all. At

first he was angry, but when his son told him the history of his engagement to Emily, and (*sorrowfully*) the circumstances that caused him to break his faith, he relented, and promised his consent to the marriage if I could assure him that your family have always borne an irreproachable name. I knew but of one blemish upon it—your father's insolvency. I had the means to clear off *that*—I flew to the court—I paid the money—and—(*looking at them all*) I am happy—(*turns away his face and conceals his tears with his handkerchief*)—and—and—now—good bye! (*going, ANGELINA stops him*)

ANGELINA. Stay, Harry, your self-sacrifice is not complete—you (*with a tremulous voice*) have yet a duty to perform—you have made Frank, (*taking his hand*) Jack, (*kissing him—crossing to EMILY and taking her hand*) Emily, and (*timidly looking at CHESTERFORD, and suppressing a sigh*) Mr. Chesterford happy—but—but—(*returning to him*) you have left me alone in the house—(*with tearful, passionate energy*)—in the world! with no loved faces to smile upon me, and kind voices to welcome and bless me. We have lived together *brothers and sisters* all our lives. The vessel which takes you, Frank, and Jack away, may perhaps have room for me—and—and—if you would like to change the title you have borne so long, and (*fervently*) make me happy, Harry, dear Harry, I will follow you to the world's end.

HARRY. (*clasping her in his arms, almost frantic with joy*) Oh, oh! my joy chokes my voice! Angelina mine! can it be true—can it be true! (*embraces her again*) give me joy—give me joy! Frank—Frank, my Italian warbler, where are your operas? sing—sing my happiness.

FRANK. No, no—I, too (*feeling his throat*) have a spasm in my throat—(*putting his hand to his heart*) a counterpoint that chokes my lyric fervour—but I have yet voice to say—good, good friend, may you reap in your new home the harvest you have sown in the old, and though fortune should refuse to fill your purse, you'll still be rich in worth, and prove (*singing*) "A man's a man for a' that."

ANGELINA. (*advancing to front with HARRY—to AUDIENCE*) One little word remains for me to say—you must (*leading HARRY forward*) approve my choice—(*archly*) he knows your secret springs—let him touch them—and, if you can spare a little encouragement to THE YOUNG MOTHER, will you assure her that she has not sought your favour in vain?

CURTAIN.

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